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PLANET OF THE APES

**EXTRA
BONUS:**
**HOW TO
MAKE A
MAN-
APE**

FIRST ISSUE PHANTASMAGORIA!

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH "APES" SCREENWRITER
ROD SERLING

PHOTOS, FEATURES, AND ALL-NEW STORYLINES
OF THE GREATEST FANTASY FILM-SERIES OF ALL TIME



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ANNOUNCEMENT — SEE PAGE 70

STAN LEE presents

No. 1 August, 1971

PLANET OF THE APES





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Table of Contents

THE ROAD TO THE PLANET OF THE APES 4
Marvel Comics meets Dr. Zaius: the never-before-revealed story behind this magazine.

TERROR ON THE PLANET OF THE APES 7
Presenting, with pardonable pride, the first comics story in an exciting new series of adventures set on the world where beasts rule over men!

ESCAPE FROM THE BATTLE FOR THE CONQUEST BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES 32
Five articles for the price of one. An overview of the five films in the "Apes" series.

ROD SERLING RECALLS 40
An exclusive interview with the world-renowned screenwriter of the first "Apes" movie.

THE FACE OF THE APES 44
The "Apes" make-up won an Oscar, the film industry's highest honor. See why in this in-depth report.

PLANET OF THE APES 50
The original "Apes" story—in comics form. A lone astronaut faces death on a world he never made!

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ROAD TO THE PLANET

An Unblushingly Self-Indulgent Editorial by ROY THOMAS

And not even Crosby and Hope ever had a tougher time getting anyclap!

Actually, a couple of years back, we weren't so sure we wanted to make the trip at all. Oh, we wouldn't have minded just being there, but getting there was definitely not half the fun.

However... that last part reads pretty unintelligibly, even to me. Maybe I'd best start at the beginning. If I'm to explain just how and why Marvel is doing a PLANET OF THE APES magazine—and how we just about didn't.

It all started, at least as far as Marvel's concerned, with Len Brown.

Len works at Topps Chewing Gum Company in Brooklyn, where he's in charge of Product Development (read: bubble gum cards, those colorful little collector's items we all bought when we were young and foolish and couldn't find much else to do with a nickel anyway). Topps, for the uninitiated, is the place that makes Bazooka, the king of bubble gum.

Like Ye Editor, Len is a child of the 1940's, and a son of the fabulous 50's—a follower of the old Planet Science pulp magazines, a Golden-Age comic freak, an Elvis Presley completist, and an E.C. Fan-Addict. He's always onto me about the possibility of Marvel's doing a straight science-fiction comic-mag, something we intend to do again before summer's out, when we revive our much-acclaimed **WORLDS UNKNOWN** title in an ambitious new dollar-size format (and here's that for shoe-horning a blockbuster announcement into the smallest possible space!).

So anyway, a couple of years back, Len and I were in the midst of one of those marathon phone calls (west Manhattan and Jersey which are the despair of our long-suffering better halves. We were discussing some possible properties which Marvel might well pick up for fun and profit, probably in that order, and Len suggested that we take a look at "Planet of the Apes."

"Maybe you've got a point there," I said.

"Sure. Anyway, it beats stalling around waiting for 'Tom Corbett, Space Cadet' to come back."

The next week, I broached the subject to Sam (and if you've gotta ask "Sam who?" then you haven't been paying attention for the last decade or so).

The Smoking One rather liked the idea, but retained an understandable skepticism; as always, we were up to our staples in new titles anyway, and who needed it? Still, the idea intrigued him, so he gave me the go-ahead to examine the possibilities, if I really wanted to. And, if I'd been as sharp as I'd like to think, I'd have followed them on the bang right away, and you'd now be holding something like the 13th or maybe the 25th issue of PLANET OF THE APES COMICS instead of Volume I, Number 1. Why, Len even gave me the name and phone number of Selwyn Ransack, who handled the "Planet"



merchandising for Twentieth Century-Fox.

Such merchandising, until the past year, included exactly two plastic medal kit ideas by a small outfit because big-time Aaron passed it up, Marvel doesn't make all the mistakes, one color comic-book from Western (Gold Key) based on the second movie, and those bubble-gum cards. Not exactly a body-called bonanza for anybody concerned.

Still, somehow I let the thing lapse, naturally, until it was almost too late.

Until early last year, when Len brought up the topic again—this time coupled with information from Vivian and other show-biz trade papers to the effect that the five films had been grossing millions of dollars while everybody had been ignoring them or trying to tell the suits apart. There were already "Planet" film festivals, in which two or three or more of the movies were shown back to back to back. And now, at last, the films were going to be on prime-time TV... with a regular TV series already announced if they did well in the ratings.

With a groan, I realized we had probably dilly-dallied too long. So I did Sam, who read the same note of Verity.

And we were nearly right.

First there was the geographical problem. Selwyn handled things in New York, but Twentieth Century-Fox was involved from California as well, so we had a regular triangular trade going right away. Then too, Marvel was in the process of acquiring its own special lawyer, so that one legal eagle depots negotiations, then another came in halfway there and had to start all over again.

Each contract that was sent from one party to another

OF THE APES



were back with twenty pages of addenda, corrections, and questions. We couldn't have had more wordage if we'd been trying to acquire the rights to *War and Peace*.

I began to think wistfully of those halcyon days, just a couple of years earlier, when Salway and I could probably have concluded a deal on the back of a napkin over lunch and both sides would probably have thought we'd done a good day's work.

And things kept right on happening.

In the middle of the negotiations, "Planet of the Apes" went on TV and grabbed one of the highest Nielsen ratings in the history of TV, while a repeat fact-to-fiction treatment of "Reconquer the Planet of the Apes," so badly did almost equally well. And here we were with no contract, no magazine, no nothing!

Eventually, though, we got the blessed thing signed. Just barely.

Also, all the while we were negotiating back and forth, the TV-series deal was being firmed up out in Hollywood. Only thing is, as I pen these words, the series will tentatively start on Tuesday nights on CBS at 8 p.m.—and they're just now figuring out what they're going to do with the show. As in us—we're on our own!

We, nothing daunted, decided to cheerfully ignore the machinations of movieland and do things the way we'd do 'em if we were TV magpies—but we'd do 'em Marvel style. Namely, we decided that, in addition to comic-strip adaptations of the five "Apes" movies (using scripts gradually supplied us by Selwyn Rosenthal and Elliot Kohberg, his Parson Prelogy), we would do a second strip which would pick up where the final movie, "Battle for

the arc," left off. A sixth "Planet" movie, by Rhoads!

Gerry Conway, who's written and sold several sci-fi stories and novels in his 21 years, was eager to supply the format and to be the series' first scribe. Since it was important that an ape be a major hero of the series, and yet that there be humans in attendance as well, he opted for relating the adventures of a young human teamed up with a dingo-thing—and so was born the series we call "Terror on the Planet of the Apes." When Gerry got too busy to write the actual script, Doug Menon—Marvel's newest and perhaps most prolific scripter—took over. While Mike Floog practically threatened badly harm to one and all if he wasn't allowed to draw the series, and Mike Kaputo refused to show Ya Editor any more poker secrets if he wasn't allowed to ink George Tuska's pseudonymous pencils.

Me? I'm amiable. I gave in to all of 'em.

Meanwhile Mary Wellman started the ball rolling in the photo-features department, though it's Tony Isabella (with an assist from Chris Claremont) who's had the enjoyable task of steering the ship safely into port.

We think it's a good magazine.

Here's what you're getting:

Two comic-strip series—one serializing the first movie itself, another doing a sequel to the whole magilla.

A piece on the fabulous make-up of the apes, which is one of the major reasons for the film's success (you can't tell your Shakespearean actors without a scorecard—or even with one).

An exclusive interview, done just a few weeks back, with Rod ("Twilight Zone," "Night Gallery," "Anson") Serling, who wrote the screenplay for "Planet of the Apes."

An overview of the whole series, for those of you who've been vacationing on Mongo instead.

And that's just for openers!

In future issues, we'll have interviews with just about every major star or creature associated with the five "Apes" movies—a behind-the-scenes look at the upcoming TV series—more on the make-up, as well as the fantastic sets—full concert adaptations of all five movies—and a few new events in the adventures of Jason and Alexander, as well! All this—plus anything else that we can think of, or that you think of for us!

Send your musings and monologues to:

PLANET OF THE APES
c/o Marvel Magazine Group
575 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

No, getting here wasn't half the fun. It was a long hard task, and we're glad it's over.

Come now we can really start moving.

And going forward from here—now that's gonna be a brain-bend, isn't it?





The legacy of the Planet of the Apes is a dual one . . . for it transpires on a world which is also a planet of humans.

A planet called . . . Earth.

A planet which for long centuries has served as a lush backdrop to conflict and strife . . . whose world-sweeping dramas and events fill the annals of history in bloody scrolls of sorrow and pain.

The planet itself has undergone massive changes, in geography, in topography, reshaping itself to conform with the implacable passage of time and events . . . but, always, the evidence of this perpetual restructuring is traced more to the scarred and pitted aftermath of war than to a process of natural evolution.

For, on a planet of incessant and interminable change, the only constant is war . . .

War between human and animal.

Between human and human.

Family and family.

Tribe and tribe.

Enclave and enclave.

Race and race.

Nation and nation.

Continent and continent . . .

Until, finally, the awesome scope of organic destruction becomes an intolerable strain pressed down on the stress-weary back of a charred and waste world . . . and the cycle unrolls. Evolution rears itself in a belated skin of irony.

Man becomes savage; animal becomes intelligent . . . And war rages again, this time on equal terms between human and animal.

Man and ape.

Each hating the other with a frenzy mirrored in gleaming eyes.

And then a voice cries out, a voice of strength and authority yet carrying a plea for sanity. A voice for peace. The voice of the Leader.

And there is peace, and coexistence.

But can it last on a world of war?

... on a planet of apes—

—which is also a planet of humans . . . ?

Or will there be:

Terror On The Planet Of The Ape

PROLOGUE:



"THE LAWGIVER"

CHAPTER 1

WELCOME
CITIZENS OF
PEACE

I HAVE DELIGHTED
THIS CONGREGATION
FOR A NUMBER OF
YEARS-- ALL OF
THEM **EXACTLY**
IDENTICAL. FIRST
I WISH TO THANK
YOU FOR PLACING
FAITH IN MY
FUNDAMENT--

--AND FOR ADHERING
TO MY DOCTRINE OF
CONFIDENCE BETWEEN
THE SPECIES

SECONDLY I WISH
TO REASSURE MY DEAR
FATH IN THOSE
DOCTRINES

WHY DIDN'T
YOU TELL ME
IT WAS THE
LAWGIVER?

IF YOU'D READ
ATTENTION IN
CLASS--

FOR IT IS ONLY BY
FOLLOWING A ROAD OF
PEACE THAT WE
MAY AVOID ANOTHER
CONGRESSION



SO LET US REMEM-
BER THAT THERE
IS THE **ADDITION**
OF THE **DOCK**--
AND LET US
DRINK THE WINE
OF **LOVE** INSTEAD

FOR JUST AS
THE **QUALITY** OF A
WINE CANNOT BE GOVERNED
BY THE **NATURE** OF ITS
PEACE--



SO FIND OUT THE QUALITIES
WITHIN ALL OF OUR BEINGS
SEPARATE FROM OUR
PHYSICAL SHELLS...

MEANING THAT WE
ARE ALL THE SAME
--REGARDLESS OF OUR
DIFFERING APPEARANCES















ALONG WITH BRUTAL SHOCK, JASON'S HAND
FLOODES WITH A CRIMEDY RAIN OF LIND
FOUR...



AND, SPOOKED, HE BOLTS FROM THE CRACKLING FIRE
HE ONCE CALLED HOME...



HE PLUNGES INTO THE FOREST'S DARK
SHADOWS, BUT ON BUCKLES FORWARD OF
THE SILENTLY BECOMING SILENT...



CHAPTER TWO: FUGITIVES ON THE Planet OF THE Apes

THE ALIENS HAVE
AND ENJOYED, THEIR
BATTLE SCENE
FOLLOWED THE
USUAL LOT OF



THEY WERE ALL
AND THE NIGHT
A BATTLE SCENE
WAS THE ONLY
THEY WERE ALL
AND THE NIGHT
A BATTLE SCENE
WAS THE ONLY

THEY WERE ALL
AND THE NIGHT
A BATTLE SCENE
WAS THE ONLY



AND THEY WERE ALL
AND THE NIGHT
A BATTLE SCENE
WAS THE ONLY



THEY WERE ALL
AND THE NIGHT
A BATTLE SCENE
WAS THE ONLY

JASON...



JASON... IN... JASON...

THAT'S
SUPPOSED
TO BE
ALICE! YOU
KNOW
BETTER!



MY PARENTS ARE DEAD!
ALEX! JEROME! WHY I
GOING TO CHANGE? THEY
SAYED WE'VE TO
CHANGE IT!

JEROME
WILL CHANGE
IT, ALEX!
JEROME!



THE CAMP? THE
LAW Laid DOWN BY
THE CAMP?
GARY?

THE LAW Laid DOWN BY
AN APE! - THE LAW WHICH
PROTECTS NO ONE BUT APE! -



BUT IF MY PARENTS HAD TO
DIE, I'VE SOMETHING TO SAY TO
IT THAT THEIR PARENTS
DIE, TOO...

I COULDN'T
CHARGE THEM,
ALEX - BUT I
KNOW THE
SITUATION
THEY WENT IN!

AND THEY
LEFT JEROME,
ALEX - TRACKS
I CAN FOLLOW
TO THEIR
DEATHS!



JEROME, GARY TO ME! YOU
CAN'T GO AFTER THEM!
THEY'RE ALONE! YOU? YOU
DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

LET THE CAMP
TAKE CARE OF
THEM!



DON'T TELL ~~ME~~
ABOUT MY FATHER,
ALEX - MY FATHER
WOULDN'T ATTACHED
TO ME!



SO I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO UNDERSTAND
WHY I HAVE TO GO AFTER THOSE LOUSY
HUMANES!

...ALEX,
I NEED BE!



GO DOWN
MYST
LAW!

THAT'S IT IS
THE OLD SOME
NEW CAMP!

Even when the huge strands of the glowing spider webbed the doorway of an intricate series of interconnecting passages it all started to glow. **Darkness - a great glow of light.**



AND THEN ONE OF THE MEN WHO WERE WITH THE STRANGE LEADER OF A PARTY OF A DOZEN OF THE MEN WHO WERE WITH THE LEADER.

THEY'RE COMING--!!

THE INITIATES ARE RETURNING FROM THEIR JOURNEY--!!



TELL THE LEADER WE WANT TO REPORT THE RESULTS OF OUR FIRST JOURNEY.

YES?

ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU'RE READY TO ACCEPT HIM?

SOME OF THEM.

AND FINALLY ACCEPT HIM AS HIS.







BUT ALTHOUGH JASON BEGGED HIMSELF INTO THE BATTLE WITH GREAT COURAGEOUS RESOLVE...



...HE SOON FINISH THAT EVIL, HATED SCOUNDREL...

















NEXT • **THE FORBIDDEN ZONE** • FORGOTTEN HORROR!

**ESCAPE FROM THE BATTLE
FOR THE CONQUEST BENEATH
THE PLANET OF THE APES:**



An Overview of the Apes Series

by Gary Gerani

There is a peculiar institution in American moviedom known as the film "series." This theme-and-spectacle phenomenon starts off rather modestly when some shrewd Hollywood producer, overjoyed at the box office raves of his latest masterpiece, gambles on the hopelessly equal success of a sequel. If this also turns in a handsome profit, and public interest in the material continues to thrive, a series of such films may subsequently develop, each different in its own right, yet similar enough in theme and content to woo the original taken-buying audience back for yet another look. And if the God of Fortune is really smiling upon our profitless producer, his movies may actually start a trend, and when this minor miracle happens, *hoosah boy!!!*

How many times has Fortune wrinkled his forehead while keeping *Jaws* for some reasonable fraction of three of those hungry swamp gators? Can anyone realistically force a chance to the adventures of super-agent *James Bond*? And as we move closer to *hooah home*, is there a chance — a remote possibility even — that the blood-stained careers of *Baron Pruskenstein* and the blood-sucking *Count* will suddenly and finally reach their end note? Not in a month of *Black Sundays*!

This brings us, finally, to our hairy subject. In 1968, film producer Arthur P. Jacobs and Twentieth Century-Fox coolly invited moviegoers everywhere along on what they believed would be a brief-but-profitable visit to the *PLANET OF THE APES*. As anyone who worked on that pioneer film can tell you, it was a whirlwind of confusion in those last months before general release. The post production workings were beating their guts by the car load to assure *PLANET*'s premiere date several weeks ahead of another science fiction spectacular with undeniably great expectations: Stanley Kubrick's multi-million dollar, 2001: *A SPACE ODYSSEY*. The Fox publicity directors had literally gone ape in a wild publicity campaign which proudly featured as its most astonishing asset the marvellously detailed and life-like apean heads worn by almost all the major cast members. What Jacobs expected from all this, the maddening publicity, the odd subject matter, the top-notch performers, all-in-all his strongest and most enigmatic project to date, is not hard to imagine in retrospect: he *desperately* desired to make a good movie, a solid film that would go over reasonably well with the critics (the ad campaign boasted "another major and important film by the man who wrote 'THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAT, etc.'), but in his capacity as an intelligent businessman as well as an imaginative artist, Jacobs understood that the film's ultimate success depended upon its overpowering values of escapism, an entertaining spectacle designed for the entire family. To this he added a genuine hard-core science fiction flavor, unadorned by

the clattermastic addition of *TWILIGHT ZONE*'s *Red Spring* as co-scripter, who in turn accented the entire affair with his traditional (and well-received) bag of enigmatic twists. The final ingredients consisted of some acceptable, but not especially deep, moralizing, belly-laugh humor for the kids and, to break up the monotony during some of the more hard-to-swallow segments, a hefty dose of Tarzan-like action adventure to continually keep things moving at an exciting pace.

All these together, producer Arthur P. Jacobs thought, blended carefully, developed perfectly, exploded ingeniously, would produce a highly successful motion picture of which he could be proud. He probably never suspected that his perfect money-maker and his fast-multiplying progeny would someday join the pantheon of classic film series.

He name is TATTOO, and he is an extremely, commander of America's first 22-AR PLANET. How he is just a RTAMAN





*Taylor, Dodge & London. Their star-flight had begun with each **NOVA POWER**. Their legs in almost gone now*

After release, everyone connected with *APES* Number One seemed content with the film's record-breaking premiere and positive critical showing (one reviewer, apparently a science-fiction fan, even went so far as to proclaim *PLANET* the finest American movie ever made!). The film, which featured spectacle-star Charlton Heston as its hero and a cast of crude-looking nonce-wriggling behind John Chambers' ingracious ape faces, maintained the basic premise of Pierre Boulle's best seller, without sacrificing its inherent escapist qualities.

Astronaut Taylor (Heston), crash-lands on a distant planet where evolution has seemingly reversed itself. Apes are the masters and man is a lower animal, to be hunted and, as the astronaut learns, ruthlessly exterminated. After winning some friends among the sympathetic chimpanzees, Taylor escapes into the "Forbidden Zone" where he discovers, much to his horror, that he is not in a distant solar system, but has accidentally penetrated the time barrier; he is on Earth in the distant future. The Planet of the Apes was once the Planet of Man.

The concept, although differing slightly in its deconstruction from Pierre Boulle's novel, is interesting and acceptable to even the savant science-fiction critic. The film itself, however, is not without its share of dramatic deficiencies.

It begins well, with some marvelous point-of-view shots of the dying space ship plummeting headlong into a shimmering, glassy-surfaced lake. The trek across the

*Taylor and Heston. At last, demonstrated **POWER** **POWER**. At last, with **ANIMALS**. In the forest, down and killed without mercy.*



best-baked desert is also well filmed, and more point-of-view shots from behind craggy mountaintops and mountainside caverns prove excellent representations of unseen, watchful alien observers. The discovery of the wasteland and the subsequent hunting scene both feature some advertising use of the hand-held camera technique to convey a more casual tone to the action, and Jerry Goldsmith's energetic music scoring for the sequence adds a welcome touch of relief from the "usually crazy, procession sounding soundtrack. The "wild hunt" episode that follows is very exciting and extremely well staged.

Beginning first with a haunting alien bellow from some invisible source, the scene builds in momentum as the hapless human beings scurry madly about, stalked by an ominous, unseen horror that thrashes through the underbrush, crowding its prey. The sight of the apes on horseback is effective, and worthy of the finest moments of Boudier's novel. But when the hunt concludes and the helpless specimens are carted home to Ape City, a sudden difference can be sensed in the mood and style of the film. The triumphant parilla, posing modestly with its human captives as a second strain snaps his picture a straight cut of the novel, yet it foreshadows the effort. "Gimmicky" turn the movie has taken. A few minutes into the chimpanzee scenes confirm this change. Louis Rouer's cinematography, alive and moving up till

now, suddenly stagnates in the face of the ape faces. The scenes in which apes appear are brilliantly lit so that the audience can relish every detail of the million dollar make-up. Lighting, camera angles and movement all cease to do not to detract from the latex and rubber creations so well-heralded in the ad campaign. Here is where Jacobs' commercialism stains the original's qualities and cinematic possibilities of his story. Scenes that should have been immensely powerful — Taylor's trial before the jury of orangutans, for instance — become curious oddities at best, intentionally humorous "fun" at the very worst. Intelligent critics, as in the novel, is abandoned completely in favor of a constant barrage of unison anecdotes ("human see, human do" etc.) with some rather thin moralizing about the "evils of man" thrown in between the action.

On the whole, it must be admitted, the film does retain the honest "feel" of the novel, but it is painfully clear that everyone involved subjugated themselves to the overpowering elements of the special make-up and the entire novelty of the project.

Technically, PLANET OF THE APES budget afforded the same high-class treatment all other expensive productions enjoy. The Panavision screen, proving once again how superior a process it actually is in comparison to Fox's earlier wide image. Cinemascope, ideally projects the endless lost roads in space, the barren hopelessness of

In this character chase from PLANET OF THE APES Taylor proves himself far *more* than the animal he captures had thought him to be.





Dr. Zerk, a brilliant animal psychologist, approaching in MURRAY CLOSE's labors. The one person to believe in Taylor and try to help him.

the long, empty landscapes and the excitement of the starworn hunt. The pale, almost muted tones of Debus color, undoubtedly the worst color process among the majors, actually seem to benefit PLANET OF THE APES, the subdued spectrum adding an unspectacular, "realistic" look to the proceedings. (The three-strip negative process known as Technicolor, for instance, just might have added to that creeping commercialism we spoke of earlier.) The dominant color throughout the film is orange. Orange landscapes, orange prisons, orange orangutangs with orange outfits, and orange (human) bodies brightly color the movie with redolent (if not saturated) brilliance. The film is also almost entirely an outdoor experience. The scenes inside the apes' caverns and bars are all brightly lit, and the most striking feature of Moore's briefly glimpsed space ship is its huge double windshield. Sunlight, outdoor locations and well-defined images form the overall visual character of PLANET OF THE APES.

What emerges, then, is a tightly-knit, fast-paced, action/Adventure fantasy, thoroughly enjoyable despite its shortcomings and well worth the ticket fee. Its popularity quickly grew to unexpected proportions, and several well-known psychologists over at Fox offered some rather curious explanations for the phenomenon.



Next, another experiment: first out from Earth to rescue Taylor's missing starling. Only to be rejected by the new apes in the BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES.

The most perspective of these suggest the audience's unquestioned respect for the extraordinary, anti-heroic character of the apes, particularly the chimpanzees, the younger viewers respond to this the same way they identify with their favorite animal cartoon characters, as personal (if irresponsible) friends removed from the strict rules and regulations of the "real" world. Adults, too, see the apes as exaggerated "legaments of their favorite childhood fairy tales, and it becomes quite clear as the later films that audience sentiment favors the apes, not the humans. It is this reversal of allegiance that is most accountable for the film's success.

But "success" was the key word; a sequel of some kind was the next logical step, and Jacobs, as logical and creative as ever, started pre-production work on the PLANET OF THE MEN.

Jacobs himself was surprised at how easily this new project was progressing. With the important exception of Roddy McDowall, (who was busy with a film elsewhere) the original cast members were delighted to repeat their respective roles, although Charles Hounes's part was little more than an eagerly-awaited cameo. Roddy himself offered a screen contract which Jacobs rejected, after deciding it was "uncommittal", and John Chambers' make-up department hit home with improved, super-

scumbie various heads. The new film replaced James Franciose as the astronaut sent into space (and close) to rescue Horton and his crew. After the usual open-mouthed belaboredness, Brent (Franciose), makes his way into the motorcade "Forbidden Zone" where atom-scattered human mutations add to his troubles. Finally, Horton reappears the had been glimpsed briefly at the film's outset and the two are caught up in a futuristic dual struggle, upon ex-mutants Jacobs himself takes credit for the ending, which, for strangeness and totality has few exceptions. Astronaut Taylor blows up the world, putting the problem-plagued Earth out of its misery and ending the series at the same time. History and Jacobs' back account remind us that, fortunately for science fiction fans, such was not the case.

BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES, as it was eventually called, did almost as well at the box office as its predecessor, and in the money-light movie business that is no slight achievement. Critically, however, it was a huge duck. The film simply overloaded itself with too many subplots, most of which were wildly fantastic to an almost ridiculous degree. It was hard enough to accept a planet ruled by apes, but seeing them in mortal combat with hideous mutants "supermaids" against the threatening background of a "doomsday" bomb was too much.

Nevertheless, **BENEATH** had its positive moments. The "ape-ups," as mentioned earlier, were far more feasible than the first film's attempts. Chambers work on the mutants was nothing less than inspired, and the

special effects folks and art directors created a spectacular vision of demolished New York. As a matter of fact, **BENEATH**'s production values were quite impressive, far ahead of anything that appeared in the subsequent films and occasionally even outdoing the first. But all these lavish designs were in vain, for as any fan of the series can tell you, **BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES** is the recognized turkey of the lot.

When news of a third **APE** project became public, many beleaguered followers wondered how on Earth (no pun intended) the storyline could continue. After conveniently disposing of the planet in **BENEATH** — and the series presumably along with it — it was no minor task coming up with a feasible solution. The answer, as it turned out, was positively ingenious. A trio of chimpanzees, realizing the end was near, travel backward in time to our not-so-distant future. The female, Zara, has a baby...and this poses the scriptwriters a chance to "reverse" the original story, a story astonishing and imaginative enough that it deserves a more detailed account. We see before our awe-struck eyes the very way the Planet of the Apes began, how Zara's child was destined to organize the full-scale ape revolt, how ruin was soon to play second fiddle to the simians. We learn marvelously juicy sci-fi facts, too like how an alien disease destroyed all the dogs and cats on earth, thus forcing humans to adopt apes as their pets, and later, as their slaves. By having his chimpanzees go back into time, Jacobs breathed new and exciting life into an

In the Beginning: In CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES there were Apes and there were Humans. The Humans RULED.





The Apes were well trained, obedient DOGIES! They were conditioned to be. Roubin was unimpeachable.

steady work series. Now he had the chance to fully explore the only truly fascinating concept of the "APES" story—how it all came about. Jacobs added the baby-ape-from-the-future gimmick to Roubin's original premise, and the astonishingly inventive solution to BENEATH's cataclysmic climax earned *ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES* a special recommendation before the film had even been screened!

After the film was screened, it looked almost like some bizarre mirror image to the original film, with the humans in power this time and the apes on the lam. Production values were modest, to say the least, and most of the "spectacular" look of the previous films was noticeably absent, basically because this new APES was shot in recognizable locations, as the plotline demanded. One does question the regrettable absence of the re-embodiment of the apes' space-time trip at the film's start. Surely it would have guaranteed some welcome excitement in a special-effects-less film such as this. Anyhow, the flick concludes with the overly violent death of the unruly chumps, and the secret survival of their child.

Unlike previous films in the series, this one ends with an sequel in mind, and although the box office returns weren't the greatest compared to its predecessors, no doubt that a further chapter in the ever-growing APES saga was on Jacobs' agenda.

CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES—that eventual chapter—got my vote as the finest film in the series, surpassing even the original APES. Script writer Paul Dehn, the man responsible for the brilliant back-into-time gimmick of *ESCAPE*, skillfully takes the re-plotting force a step farther in a surprisingly strong, honestly-meaningful screenplay that is seldom off target. The capable directing hand of J. Lee Thompson adds violent electricity to the vocal combinations, astute cinematic control to the battles. Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the film is cinematographer Bruce Surtees' spectacular imagery. **CONQUEST** is truly the only "visual" entry in the series. The movie is quite cheap, cheaper than *ESCAPE*, and the entire film takes place in one bland location. But Surtees' rising camera evokes excitement and suspense totally absent from the

other efforts.

The story, simply, focuses on Zira's child, grown to maturity, as he organizes the first ape rebellion in what can only be described as a futuristic concentration camp for mutants. We see the beginnings of man's domestication and eventual enslavement of the apes, his intolerance, hatred and inevitable downfall. Zira's son proudly chooses his own name—"Cesar"—and makes preparations for his earth-shaking conquests. All the emotions, the authentic pain, are gone. Thompson intelligently realized that the nascent ape-ops were no longer a novelty to be dwelt on, and concentrates on developing character and biting character interaction. What emerges is an honest, unpretentious moral argument for the minority, and Cesar's final soliloquy, lasting well over fifteen minutes, personifies the entire mood of this powerfully meaningful, thought-provoking study of the oppressed. All in all, an unexpected (and unrepented) treat from APES factory.

It seemed impossible for BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES to meet the high standards of its predecessor. To begin with, an entire film seems to be missing in between the two. CONQUEST ends with the apes preparing a massive takeover, BATTLE begins with the takeover accomplished. We now discover that, unlike in the first movie, Man and Ape live together on a

basically cooperative basis, although the latter is clearly the dominating force. The "Battle," as heralded in the title, represents a last ditch attempt on the part of some local mutants (these are different mutants than the ones featured in BENEATH; they're a lot sloppier) to reconquer the Earth in the name of Man. Cesar is still an excellent, intensely likable character and commands a strong, respectful position. J. Lee Thompson, again directing, provides some exciting moments, but his directorship with the material is clearly evident. One thoughtful note: the film ends with a question mark. Can man and ape make it together on this Earth as brothers, or will the planet truly become hopelessly divided? It is an honest question profoundly debated, staked in penetrating symbolism and deeper meanings.

We now stand ready for the ultimate exaggeration of the "series" formula: television. CBS has made definite plans for a PLANET OF THE APES TV show come this fall, and a good guess is that it'll start off right where BATTLE ended, and hopefully explore that intriguing question. Whatever happens, the APES movies stand as an irrefragable excursion into fantasy, escapism, wild sci-fi, and finally—on a more serious level—race hatred. As you can see from my notes here, it is not a perfect series, but rather a strong, ultimately captivating force that may go on forever. Let's hope television adds to its longevity.



But it happened all the same. And mankind fell. And the Apes ruled the Earth, for better or for none.



PLANET OF THE APES

TM

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CONTENTS

THE ROAD TO THE PLANET OF THE APES	4
TERROR ON THE PLANET OF THE APES	7
ESCAPE FROM THE BATTLE FOR THE CONQUEST BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES	32
ROD SERLING RECALLS	41
THE FACE OF THE APES	44
PLANET OF THE APES	50

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ROD SERLING RECALLS



An interview with the famed creator of *Twilight Zone* and the screenwriter of *Planet of the Apes*

by David Johnson

"I first became involved with *Planet of the Apes* about ten years ago," musingly-voiced Rod Serling is saying in the sun-filled office of his Pacific Palisades home. "I was approached by an outfit called the King Brothers, who did mostly Indian-epic pictures that for about a \$1.80 — because elephants weren't even scale then.

"The King Brothers had a notion about doing the *Power House* book as a nickel-and-dime picture. I was convinced that it could be done and at the time, as I recall, I did a whole treatment for them, a scene-by-scene breakdown of how we would lick the problem. They ultimately discarded it because of the ape population.

"I never heard any more about it until I got a call from Mike Edwards, who was the next individual to get into it and who was going to produce and direct it. I was told by Mike to go, not to worry about money. It was going to be a big one.

"My earliest version of the script featured an ape city, much like New York. It wasn't carved out rocks with cars on the side of a hill. It was a metropolis. Everything related to anthropoid. The automobiles, the buildings, the elevators, the rooms, the furniture. The script was very big and I think the estimate of the production people was that if they had shot that script it would've cost no less than a hundred million dollars — y'know, by the time they created an ape population, clothed it and built a city for them to live in.

"Then Arthur Jacobs got into it, as I recall. Arthur said it could be done but not for that kind of money. So I sold it — with an eye toward a very special society, one that was semi-primitive, semi-civilized. I think I did about three drafts of the actual screenplay."

What were some of the problems he faced in bringing the Jacobs novel to celluloid life? "Well, I think the major one was to make apes speak and not get a laugh. The whole thing was to make an audience believe it and take it seriously.

"Mine was a very free adaptation of the original material. Actually, it was not an adaptation. It was based on the book by Jacobs. There's quite a distance.

"God, it's so long since I've read the book but I believe

the story ended on a completely different note. Where they go back to Earth and they land at an airport and they open the door and there are apes. The evolution has taken place on earth while they were away."

So the denouement in the film version (Charles Herson and Linda Marvinson riding along the beach past the tip of the Statue of Liberty, indicating that the astronauts had landed on their own planet in the future) was Serling's? "Yes. In collaboration with Jacobs."

In response to the universal war's unabashed enthusiasm for that ending, Rod says, "Yes, it was a wild cinematic scene."

What happened then with the project? "Well, Arthur and I kept in touch over a period of time but then he decided to give the script to Mike Wilson, who in turn took away almost all of my dialogue and used his own. My recollection, though, of the shooting script is that the chronology of scenes and events was identical to mine — except that the people didn't say the same things.

"For example, there was the museum sequence where you see the astronauts stuffed. That was mine. But I didn't have the dialogue that covered it.

"Mine was much more somber and serious dialogue. There was very little humor in my piece. If you recall, Wilson used a lot of puns and prepositional familiar expressions like 'I've never met an ape I didn't like,' that kind of thing.

"Together the humor was one of the key reasons for the success of the picture. I believe it and Wilson did it."

Was it necessary to go to the Writers Guild of America for arbitration? "No, never. As I said, we'd been in touch roughly all during that time. They offered me collaborative credit almost immediately. But it's really Mike Wilson's screenplay, much more than mine."

Did Franklin Schaffner, the film's director, work on the project with Serling? "No, he came into it later. But Frank and I worked together years and years ago for a long time — *Planet*, on *Studio One* and *Playhouse 90*. Schaffner is a brilliant director. He's tops, as far as I'm concerned."

Had Rod seen any of the sequels to *Planet of the Apes*? "Just one." (It was the second in the series, *Beneath the Planet of the Apes*.)

"Arthur offered it to me from London and I remember spending \$200 on a phone conversation about what we'd do with it. We literally got into the hydrogen bomb and the emergence of civilization over the apes and we very much plugged the concept of the ape's desperate fear of the humans. Because the humans repeated what they'd done before which, essentially, was to wreck the earth.

"As it turned out, I couldn't do the script when Arthur wanted it done. I was on another assignment. So I didn't have the remotest connection with the approach Jacobs eventually went with."

Did Rod have any thoughts about the theories expressed in Erich von Däniken's controversial bestseller *Chariots of the Gods?* (Gording did the narration for the TV version.) "I believe much of it. Some of it I will take in a neutral fashion. I'll say, 'I'm not sure you're right. But somebody else gave me something else by way of a projection.' I feel much of what he said can be put in scientific test and found pretty valid.

"The most negative reaction has come from theologians. They hate it. Because obviously everything von Däniken suggests by way of theory — cretationary and otherwise — goes very much against the New Testament. So when you read a book like *Crash Go the Chariots*, which was supposed to be the definitive knockdown of the von Däniken book, you look at the critic's credits. He's written nothing but theological books. What he's defending is the Mother Church. So his rebuttal to von Däniken is subject to considerable thought and second-guessing."

The outspoken Mr. Serling, born in Binghamton, New York, graduate of Amherst, recipient of Emmy and Peabody Awards, gained his initial fame for those hard-hitting plays aired during the Golden Age of Television (*Requiem for a Heavyweight*, *Patterns*, etc.). But that reputation may have been eclipsed by the writer's entrance into the field of fantasy and science-fiction with his classic TV anthology *Twilight Zone* and later, *Night Gallery*.

Does the occult hold a fascination for him? "I'm interested, but in an offhand way, not as a knowledgeable practitioner. I know very little about it.

"I really can't claim to being a science-fiction man either. Fantasy was really more my bag. And I'm very much a Johnny-Come-Lately into that. The guys — the really big men — like Asimov, Clarke, *Starliner* — they all preceded me by years and years and have a body of literature to show for it. I have nothing but a television show. My only claim is that I put science-fiction and fantasy into a mass media more than any other person. We produced *Star Trek* and *Outer Limits*. I think as its day *Twilight Zone* was a pretty qualitative little entry. It was a fairly professional piece of work that we were all proud of. It fell down frequently as television is wont to do, but I think the effort always showed.

"With the return, the show has had a renaissance. I go out on lecture things around to the colleges and, hell, the kids watch it fairly religiously."

Does *As* ever watch the reruns? "Rarely. They take key scenes and arbitrarily remove them out. You're watching and think, 'What the hell happened to so-and-so?' You know, characters disappear without any explanation because they've taken two or three minutes out for additional commercials. And those scripts were carefully wrought to be precisely 26 minutes in length or whatever it was then. When you do something that expertly and

that carefully and suddenly have a minute or two taken out — well, they're not just taking out flesh, they're taking bone out too."

Night Gallery is now in reruns too. "Well, that's a different kettle. The first year I worked very intensely on it. Then I kind of got used out. Universal sort of took it over, contritely, completely."

Universal wanted more of an emphasis on visual horror? "Yes, that and they put in humor. One-minute black-out bits that would've been great in bad nightclubs but which I thought were destructive as hell for the thread of the show.

"Then they changed it to a half-hour, which was very destructive in itself. You can't suddenly cut an hour show in half and expect an audience to accept it as the same animal."

Episodes of The Sixth Sense, an hour series starring





Apocalypse Now NATURAL ENEMIES now and for ALL TIME. Each fearing and hating the other. In caps. (L) Zane (CHARLTON HESTON) One

Apocalypse Now NATURAL ENEMIES now and for all time. Each fearing and hating the other. In caps. (L) Zane (CHARLTON HESTON) One



Gary Collins as a parapsychologist, were edited down to a half-hour length (they now resemble trailers for "next week's show" and make no sense whatsoever) by Universal and added to the *Night Gallery* package for syndication. "I haven't seen any of those," Rod admits. "I did the hosting for the new stuff and some of what they gave me to say was incredible. But I did it because I wanted out. Completely. Yeah, I had a 50% profit situation. But I didn't own any of the films or have any artistic control."

To backtrack, how did he get into the hosting and voice-over end of the business? (Offering a dose TV apathy for producers like Aronson, Saperstein, Ford and the commentary for the Jacques Cousteau television specials, to name just a few of his credits.) "Absolutely accidentally. I'm not an actor. I don't have a trained voice. It isn't even resonant. But it's different — very recognizable, that's all. I never aspired to anything like this. But when *Twilight Zone* needed a host, a cheap item, somebody who'd work for scale — well, literally, I was there and I spoke the language and I articulated reasonably well and I became the host. It was from that that all these other things came." A laugh. "And, thank God, because writing assignments are very sparse these days."

The writer divides his year between the East and West Coasts; six months teaching creative writing at Ithaca College in Upstate New York and the remaining six months at his homestead overlooking the blue Pacific.

What's he working on now? "I'm on my third draft of a feature film based on Jerome K. Jerome's short story. It's a *Good Life*. We did it originally on *Twilight Zone* but now we're doing a full-length version. Allen Lundberg, who produced *Children of the Gods*, is producing it. It's in the fantasy-horror genre."

With Rod Serling at the creative helm, it should be a chiller we'll all go "ape" over.



THE



FACE OF THE APES

by ED LAWRENCE

When it was first announced that Twentieth Century-Fox was going to film **PLANET OF THE APES**, there was a great deal of curiosity about how the studio would handle the make-ups. How could a topnotch team of actors, and hundreds of extras, be transformed into Chimps, Gorillas and Orangutans? Inside the Fox studios it was more worry than curiosity, for, from the beginning of the project, it was realized that on the success of the make-ups would hang the success of the film.

The first attempts at an Ape make-up were primitive when compared to the final successful efforts. The designers are unknown, and the make-ups themselves were never seen by the public.

The initial tries were practiced on Edward G. Robinson who was the first to test for the role of Dr. Zerkow. His entire face was covered with putty. His eyebrows were built up, and a broad, simple nose dangled over his own. Bushy eyebrows, sideburns and hair were added. The lips, completely covered, gave the mouth an eerie, non-human look. The ears were false, slipped on top of the man's own ears. They were made to be exaggerated in length and thickness. The result of all this was not suggestive of an Ape... but of a caricature of a human being's face. The first Hollywood Ape looked more like an accident

MAKING APE between roles. After all, putting it all back on takes over THREE HOURS. So there you see the job of the



victim, or a freak. It was certainly not what the studio was aiming for. Facial mobility and the ability to create a character with the performer's appearance were simply not there.

About this time, Jake Chambers entered the picture with a set of features but kind references. During World War II he had been the designer and builder of artificial limbs. His work had made it a necessity for him to learn literally everything there was to know about human anatomy, and he was already providing his great ability as a make-up man. The ideal choice for the job!

Chambers immediately began experimenting along lines that had been previously used by Jack Snow, when Snow created the characters for the film *THE WIZARD OF OZ*. To turn Bert Lahr into the "Cowardly Lion" demanded that Lahr would still have complete use of his face for comedy effects, while the entire shape of his head was altered and exaggerated. Snow solved the problem by damping a single appliance that fitted over Lahr's browridge, nose and cheeks. It enabled Snow to insert freckles, whiskers, lion-like jaws and a catlike nose... all with one appliance!

Chambers probably saw a similar, similar challenge in forming Zaius and his *PLANET OF THE APES*. Instead of whiskers there would be hair, and in place of a cat-like nose would be the broad, flaring nostrils of an ape. And he would have great advantages over Snow's work, for in those days latex products had just come into use. Chambers, however, had done work in manufacturing artificial hands using rubber and plastic to imitate flesh.



MAURICE EVANS, Shakespearean actor of old-time fame, starring in *PLANET OF THE APES*, as the cultured, powerful DR. ZAIUS

Chambers's earliest efforts began with a series of life-masks. For most scenes it was felt that General Features would best fill Chamber's requirements, and so the first scenes he fitted were General's. Over a life-mask, Chambers began to design, in clay, a single appliance much like that used by Jack Snow. Chamber's appliance did not extend over the actor's cheeks; it was more like a "T"-shaped affair. The browridge covered the actor's own eyebrows, making the front of his head seem to slope outward. The nose was also covered, and over this part of his face a curving surface was built-up. It continued to the base of his upper lip. Whiskers were added over the newly-shaped mouth, which ended in a narrow, flattened lip that curved slightly downward and ended a little past the end of the actor's actual lip. A small nose, ending in large nostrils, was then added. The nostrils ended about halfway up the performer's nose-bridge. Above the artificial nostrils was added a thin, short nasal bridge.

Another, smaller appliance was designed to change the shape of the actor's lower lip and chin.

Over the clay-sculptured appliances, thin spots of plaster were carefully brushed on. The plaster was gradually built-up to thickness until, after the whole thing had dried, it was pulled off the clay. Chambers now had a mold of the appliance.

Into the mold was poured some of Chamber's own formula. Soft and porous like sponge rubber, yet firm like plaster when dried and baked. The full mold was placed into an oven. When fully baked, the appliance and mold was removed from the oven, and the hardened formula carefully peeled free of the mold. It was then trimmed of excess material, and sanded down when necessary.

Thus the red sun began for the actor. Screened to



RODDY McDOWALL, who starred as CORNELIUS in *PLANET OF THE APES* and *ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES*



The chimpanzees: Leaders of the Ape scientific hierarchy and guardians of the Sacred Groves

the make-up room one morning at 5:00 A.M. (to allow the time for a detailed session with John Chambers' magic make-up tools), he sat in a barber-shop-type chair as Chambers fitted the appliance over his face. A perfect fit, thanks to expert craftsmanship!

The edges of the make-up appliance were carefully feathered-down until, at the very end, they were only paper-thin. The face of the performer was covered with a protective cream. Then, apart-guns, an adhesive, was smeared on the underside of the T-shaped make-up, and it was glued onto the actor's face. While it dried Chambers was laid at work smoothing down the ends of the appliance so that it blended perfectly into the actor's own face. The same was done to the chimpanzee. After it dried, Chambers accurately asked the actor if he could move his mouth. Slowly at first, so as not to undo the delicate parts. The actor found that he could articulate perfectly, and get any expression just by exaggerating his facial movements. When a mirror was held up to his face, he couldn't believe it... the whole shape of his human features gone. He was becoming a Chimpanzee!

Chambers then covered the actor's face with grease-paint, to get the skin and make-up the same color. The areas were painted with shadowy highlights. Curls were added under the eyes to make them seem more deep-set, and the thin lips were painted. Coarse hair, brushed into a thin patch base a few hairs at a time, was carefully trimmed into whiskers. Rubber ears were added, and hair around the sides of the face. A rubber skin-cap covered the actor's hair, and over that a long wig was glued into place. One of Chambers' assistants carefully trimmed and combed the wig into place, to blend with the side-panels. Make-up was applied to hide the seams at the sides of the

wig and other hair. Final contrasting shades of grease-paint were carefully applied.

Throughout this entire, lengthy procedure, the actor kept uttering every expression he could think of, to make the machine would be made too tight to let him work his features.

A mirror was held up to the actor's face, and he knew that Chambers' design was a complete success. He could not recognize himself. A Chimpanzee's face stared back at him!

This entire make-up session had been filmed, and the footage was carefully edited into a sequence. Chambers' own explanations, with the actor's occasional comments, made up the soundtrack. When the 10-minute film was shown to studio officers, it was very well received. Chambers was given the go-ahead, and Fox knew they had taken their biggest problem.

Of course, this was only the beginning of the work for John Chambers and his huge staff of assistants.

This entire procedure had to be repeated every time another costume-piece was signed. Life-masks were made first, the appliances sculpted over them, and the molds made. During the actual filming, new appliances would have to be made for each day's shooting, so the molds were carefully guarded in locked cabinets.

There were also changes in the make-ups along the way, and additional shows to be done.

First to go was the single-appliance principle. The final working designs called for separate pieces. Lips and right brow, nose and upper mouth, chin and lower mouth, each set... all of these were made into separate molds and



JOHN CHAMBERS: Wife of Chambers and one of the more intelligent members of the chimpanzee scientific community

fled as the actor's special make-up fun. Wigs were patented and trimmed as science to save time that would be precious during the day-to-day production schedule.

As production went further along, changes were finalized for Chimps (including Roddy MacDowell and Ken Hunter) Orangutans (especially for Maurice Evans and James Whitmore), and Gorillas (the biggest starbusts they could find).

Of all the make-ups, the most visible were the ones made for Ken Hunter. Because a great deal of the film's impact would rest upon how human she could make her features appear through her make-up, the thinnest possible pieces were molded for her face. A great deal of additional labor went into blending the prosthetic extra-smoothly into her own features, and even the paint-joint coloring used on her was much more intricate and multi-layered. In her specially-made appliances, Miss Hunter smiled, frowned, articulated words ... and looked star Charlton Heston.

Running her a close second for make-up misery was Roddy MacDowell. There were problems with Maurice Evans' mouth movements, and most of his dialogue had to be "looped" (re-dubbed later in the studio, as the actor viewed film of himself to match the pace of his own words).

For the numerous extras in the film, most of whom would be seen only from great distances or while moving quickly, over-the-head masks were draped and steam-produced. Standardized heads of Gorillas, Chimps and Orangutans were designed and sculpted, and molds made from the sculptures. The heads were molded in layers from rigid materials. The actors couldn't change their expressions.

Holes were molded into the design of the masks, and through these openings were pulled huge bundles of rope hair. They were connected to the masks from inside, and when each group of hairs was combed into place, the

result was a finished wig. A flap was also incorporated at the back of the masks, strips of which (a plastic material that was microscopic, interlocking loops to "stick to itself") were used to close these flaps. When the actor was called for a scene, all he had to do was open the flap, don the mask, press the flap closed and walk to the set.

Sounded easy? Well, there were some space problems. For instance, the masks were *heavy*. Because of the heavy hair and plastic they were usually removed between takes.

Of course the actors in the specially-designed make-ups could not remove their pieces, so do as would have meant another 15-hour session in the make-up chair. And the design of the appliances did not permit the actors to breathe through their noses. Because their mouths had to be opened continuously, small plastic strips of teeth were included in the upper and lower "lips" of their covering disguises (the actor's own mouth appeared in small holes behind their lungs, covered Apes-manner). Food had to be eaten during the day through tubes, and local catering services were needed when they were asked to supply gallons of test-tubes for studio lunches. After lunch, Maurice Evans could usually be seen smoking a cigarette in a long holder, while wearing dark glasses and a wide-brimmed hat to shield him from the sun. Evans and other cast members also took to walking from set to set with towels to keep the sun from making their make-up melt.

Despite all the problems, people ended up making a fine motion-picture, while finding time to have fun between-takes. And for John Chambers, walking in the middle of all this must have been an unforgettable experience. His skill had almost single-handedly created the main features of the PLANET OF THE APES.

This is the life, at long!



PREVIEWING MARVEL COMICS' 4-PART ADAPTATION OF
TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX'S SCIENCE-FICTION MASTERPIECE...

PLANET OF THE APES



THIS GLITTERING FLEETING
GLIDE AGAINST THE BLACK
VELVET BACKDROP OF SPACE,
THE UNENDING RISE OF THE
CORRELATION COEFFICIENTS
ACROSS THE VOID WITH COOLD
MATURITY.

AND AN HYPERBOLIC SPACE
ON LIGHT WAVES SOLOATED
THROUGH THE STEADY RHYTHM
WAVE THE SPACE IS A SHIP...
AND AN SUCH REPRESENTS
WAVE'S RHYTHM...
NEXT TO DOTS...

... A FLIGHT TO THE STARS

THE CAPTAIN
CAPTAIN
CAPTAIN

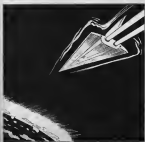
... AND WITHIN THE
HOUR, WE SHALL
COMPLETE THE
SIXTH MONTH
OF OUR FLIGHT
FROM CAPTAIN
KENNEDY...

BY OUR
TIME,
THAT IS...

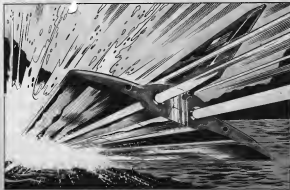
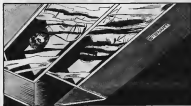
... SO ENDS MY LAST SIGNAL, UNTIL WE REACH OUR
DESTINATION. WE ARE NOW ON AUTOMATIC COURSE. A MASSIVE
HYPERBOLIC LIGHT BEAMS FROM OUR BASE... AND AT
THE REACH OF ELECTRONIC COMPUTERS, I'VE TAKEN MY
OWN AND THE LONG SLEEP. I'LL TALK TO YOU AGAIN.

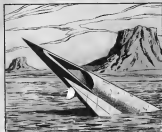
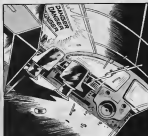














THAT SETTLES IT--THREE ADAMS AND NO EYE...

THAT'S A HELL OF A THING TO SAY AT A--



THERE GOES OUR PRIMARY POWER--WE'RE ON AUXILIARY NOW.



WATER--!

THAT'S WHAT IT'S CALLED, LONDON!

WE BETTER CHECK THE PORTABLE...



WE'RE IN THE SOUP ALL RIGHT... AND BUBBLING FAST.

DOONE-- TAKE A READING ON THE ATMOSPHERE! IT'S A SURE HE WON'T BE ABLE TO STAY IN HERE AND BREATHE THE WATER.



IT'S BREATHABLE, TAYLOR.





DIDN'T THINK
YOU WERE EVER
COMING
ANYMORE.

JUST SAYING GOODBYE
TO THE SHIP LATCHON.
AFTER ALL, WE HAVE HERE
TO THANK FOR GETTING
US HERE...



YEAH...
MURDERER
HERE!
IS.

THE WATER'S SLOWY...
20 PERCENT SALINITY
NEAR THE SATURATION
POINT.

WAS STILL
SWIMMING...



GONE...



...GONE...



...GONE.



SOLD TO THE THREE
EASTMEN--ONE ALREADY,
HOPEFULLY SLIGHTLY
USED, BECAUSE IF IT
WASN'T, SAYS, WE'D BE
ALL ALONE--

--AND
WE'RE
HERE
TO
STAY!





WELL, AS FOR OUR INVENTORY, WE'VE GOT ONE PISTOL, TWENTY-FOUR ROUNDS OF AMMO, TWO MEDICAL KITS, ONE CAMERA, ONE FAX...

...AND ENOUGH FOOD AND WATER FOR THREE DAYS.

YEAH, BUT HOW LONG IS A DAY?



GOOD QUESTION, POTAGE.

LONDON—SHUT OUT OF IT AND CHECK YOUR COMMUNICATIONS KIT.



LONDON! I SAID JOIN THE EXPEDITION!



SORRY...



I WAS THINKING ABOUT... SURELY, WHAT IF YOU SUFFICE AWAYED?

WE LEAN, DID IN HER SLEEP.

YOU DON'T SEEM VERY CUT UP ABOUT IT?



IT'S A LITTLE LATE FOR MOURNING— SHE'S BEEN DEAD NEARLY A YEAR.

THEN... WE'VE BEEN AWAY FROM EACH OTHER FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

BY YOUR TURN.



IN FACT, YOUR HAIR'S GONE GRAY, LONDON...

...BUT APART FROM THAT, YOU LOOK PRETTY GOOD FOR A MAN NEAR TWO-THOUSAND— THIRTY-ONE YEARS OLD.

TWO-THOUSAND...



THAT'S RIGHT. I READ THE CLOCK BEFORE HE ABANDONED ME-- THE BEAR GOT HAZEL'S HYPOTHESIS. HE'S BEEN AWAY FROM EARTH FOR TWO THOUSAND YEARS... GIVE OR TAKE A DECADA.

AND YOU STILL CAN'T ACCEPT IT, CAN YOU, LANDON?



YOU CAN'T ACCEPT THAT TIME HAS WIPED OUT EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING YOU EVER CARED FOR-- TURNED THEM INTO DUST.

YOU CAN'T PROVE IT-- IF HE CAN'T GET BACK, IT'S STILL JUST A THEORY!

IT'S A FACT, LANDON. BUT IT. YOU'LL SLEEP BETTER!



NOTHING LL GROW HERE! THERE'S ONLY A TRACE OF HYDROCARBONS, AND MOST OF THE NITROGEN IS LOCKED INTO ATRATES.

ANY DETECTION OF DANGEROUS IONIZATION?

NO, HARRY. ONLY ON THAT SCORCH!



OKAY IF THERE'S NO LIFE HERE, WE'VE GOT JUST SEVENTYTWO HOURS TO FIND SOME ELSEWHERE.

THAT'S WHEN THE BRACKERS RUN OUT.



ANY PARTICULAR REASON FOR HEADING IN THAT DIRECTION?

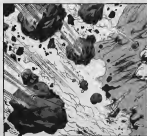
NONE AT ALL!



WAIT A MINUTE!



AHA... HA HA HA HA





OH, HE'S PREPARED TO DIE. MAY THAT NOBLE AND COURAGEOUS IF CHALK UP ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE HUMAN SPIRIT!

SET
OFF BY
BACK,
TAYLOR

SURE, BUT BEFORE
I SET OFF FOR
GOOD, JUST CLAR-
IFY ONE QUESTION--
WAS HE TOO CLOSE
ALONG WITH ALL THE
YOU WENTERS--
MAY I?

I'LL TELL YOU--THEY
NOMINATED YOU FOR
THE BIG ONE AND YOU
COULDN'T TURN IT DOWN
WITHOUT LOSING YOUR
ALL-AMERICAN
STANDING.

AND THE GLORY--DON'T FORGET
THAT. THERE'S A LIFE-SIZED
BRONZE STATUE OF YOU
SOMEWHERE, LONDON, OH,
IT'S PROBABLY TURNED
GREEN BY NOW, AND NO-
BODY CAN READ THE
NAME! PLEASE...

... BUT NEVER
LET IT BE SAID
HE FORGOT
OUR KNOW-
LEDGE

ARE YOU
PUNISHING
TAYLOR?

OUR LAST ITEM--
UNFORTUNATELY, YOU
WANTED TO GO ON
SCORPION, AND YOU'RE
DARKER NEAR, MADE IT
EASIER FOR DOGGIE
AND HE'S LIVED
LONGER THAN
ANYBODY!

YOU'VE GOT
WHAT YOU
WANTED.
KID, HOW
DID IT
TASTE?

OKAY, YOU
READ ME WELL
ENOUGH--WHY
CAN'T I READ
YOU?

I FEAN DOGGIE I CAN
UNDERSTAND. HE MAKES
SENSE. HE'D BALK THROUGH
A VOLCANO BECAUSE IF HE
THOUGHT HE COULD LEARN
SOMETHING NO OTHER
MAN KNEW. BUT YOU,
TAYLOR--YOU'RE NO
SEEKER. YOU'RE
NEGATIVE.

BUT I'M NOT
PREPARED
TO DIE.

I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY NOT!
YOU THOUGHT LIFE ON
EARTH WAS MEANING-
LESS! YOU DESPISED
PEOPLE--YOU COULD
SPRAY FROM THEM!



















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